

## An Ape In The Sydney Opera House

by Nikki Kirk

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Summary: It starts off as a bad day for Rachel, and then it gets worse as a new case threatens to break her concrete facade. Lots of action here.

## An Ape In The Sydney Opera House

\*Author's note: Well, this is my second fanfic. I was amazed that I got a few nominations for awards, so thanks to everyone who nominated me! I didn't make it into the finals, but that's okay. Well, this is one weird story. It's taken me over two weeks to write, and is really long, but stick with it! There are some real juicy bits in it! Not romantic though, I can't stand writing romantic stories! Please tell me what you think of my story, e-mail me at [sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com](mailto:sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com). So, enough of my yack, enjoy the story!

><br>Disclaimer: Hey! My dolls! Nuts, it's Christmas Hal! Why can't you be nice and let them stay with me in New Zealand for a holiday? Sure, Rachel's Jewish and celebrates Hanukkah, but it's Christmas! Oh, come on! Please? Hmph. Well, Hal, your Rachel doll took one heck of an emotional beating here, and a bit of a physical beating too, and maybe what happened to her in the story is why she's so unlucky in love? Haha, you'll have to read it, because I'm not telling you anything else. I don't own them, sadly, I'd buy them if I wasn't stone-broke! And I take no responsibility for the mischief those two get up to, the brands and stuff they mention, and basically, you can't sue me, so there. And, McDonalds, I'm giving you a promotion here, even though I don't know who you are and am not affiliated with you, I'm always open to gifts of McChicken Supercombos.

><br>Warning: This has got naughty, naughty language in it, mostly from the naughty female detective. You've heard it all before though, so you shouldn't get too warped by what you're about to read. And if you don't like graphic descriptions of bruised knees, don't read the first part of it, okay?

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>Rachel threw herself on top of Grant Hemmingway as he tried to escape. He'd murdered his neighbour's daughter a week ago, and was now being arrested. Hemmingway fell to the ground with an almighty thud, Rachel grazing her knee as she skidded along the concrete, still holding onto his suit jacket with both hands. Frank ran up and jumped on him. "Hands behind your back! HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK!!!" Frank yelled in Hemmingway's ear as Rachel picked herself up, brushed her black suit jacket and black short skirt off, and picked a piece of gravel out of her now-bleeding left knee. <br>"You okay Rach?" Frank asked, having cuffed Hemmingway.

>"Yeah, just fine." Rachel replied, grabbing Hemmingway's jacket and yanking him towards the light green Magna that the detectives used as a police car, and often chase vehicle. <br>Rachel shoved Hemmingway into the car, smacking his head on the car doorframe. "Ouch!" Hemmingway protested.

>"Ooh, I forgot, watch your head." Rachel said bitterly, going around the back and thumping on the boot as Frank got in the car.<br>Frank popped the boot, not saying a word, and Rachel rummaged around in the boot badly tempered to find the first aid kit. "Shit, where is it!" Rachel said, grimacing as she looked down to see her blood dribbling down her leg onto her expensive new shoes.

>Rachel suddenly spotted it, diving into the boot to get it. "SHIT!!!" she yelled as she hit her head on the boot as she grabbed the kit.<br>"Rach?" Frank asked, stepping out of the car to go and see what had happened.

>"This is all your bloody fault Francis Holloway, if you'd tackled him I wouldn't be hitting my head on the bloody boot with a bloody, bloody knee!" Rachel yelled at Frank bitterly.<br>Frank didn't say a word, pulling a large plaster out of the First Aid Kit, wiping up the blood running down his partner's knee with cotton wool. He dabbed dettol onto Rachel's knee, ignoring the swear words eventuating out of Rachel's mouth at the sting of the liquid, then gently placing the plaster over her wound and standing up to meet a look that could kill.

>"Are you two finished?" Hemmingway yelled from in the back seat of the car.<br>"Shut up Hemmingway." Rachel snarled as she got into the passenger seat, wincing as she moved her leg a bit too much.

>Frank shut the boot after replacing the kit, and looked shocked when he saw that Rachel wasn't driving.<br>"What? You mean I get to drive this time?" Frank asked Rachel as he plopped himself into the driver's seat, ignoring another deadly look from his fellow detective.

>"Shut up and drive Holloway." Rachel hissed, looking totally peeved by the turn of events, and of course, it had to be a Monday.<br>

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>"Rachel! You okay?" Helen looked concerned as Rachel walked in, trying not to limp.<br>"Fine." Rachel mumbled, dragging Hemmingway up the stairs by his collar, with Frank trailing along like a lost puppy behind them.

>"Sit." Rachel said, shoving Hemmingway into a chair in the interview room.<br>"Rach, do you want me to do this?" Frank asked, noticing Rachel's dishevelled hair and bloodstained leg.

>"Yeah. Yeah, that'd be good." Rachel looked gratefully at Frank and walked out, with all the attitude she could muster.<br>"Rachel, what happened?" Helen interrogated Rachel as she walked with her into the ladies' room.

>"I tackled Hemmingway, in a bloody short skirt. Grazed my knee. Nothing serious Helen, just hurts." Rachel replied, soaking a paper towel and cleaning up what Frank didn't back at the car. <br>"You

sure you're okay?" Helen asked, rummaging around in Rachel's purse, then producing a comb.

>"Yeah." Rachel sighed, taking the comb from Helen and running it through her dark hair.<br>"Okay then." Helen said, patting Rachel on the shoulder, and walking out.

>Rachel shoved her comb back in her black leather bag with force, and wiped up a stray bit of eyeliner.<br>

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>"Rach, he confessed." Frank said happily as he bounced back into the office, seeing Rachel sitting at her immaculately organised desk doing some paperwork. <br>"Great." Rachel muttered in reply, not looking up.

>"Guys, got some work for my two favourite detectives." Helen breezed into the office and leaned on the doorway.<br>"There's an armed robbery in progress at McDonalds down on Bond Street, we suspect that it's the guy that robbed those people down at the marina. Can you guys attend?" Helen asked the pair.

>"Yeah, we'll be right there." Rachel said, grabbing her bag and standing up with a wince.<br>Frank walked out of the door behind Rachel, after giving up the car keys. Rachel smirked and trotted down the stairs, ignoring her pulsing left knee.

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><br>"Okay, we'll wait for reinforcements, then go in." Rachel informed Frank as she stopped the car in an alleyway near the takeaway outlet.

>"Sounds good to me!" Frank said, pulling his gun out of the holster, hearing the sound of sirens.<br>A woman started screaming from nearby, and Rachel leapt out of the car with Frank right behind her. She yanked her gun from under her jacket, and moved cautiously onto the main road. Seeing the suspect through the window with his back turned, Rachel kicked the door open, hitting it against the stopper with an almighty bang, which shattered the glass in it. "Drop your gun! Drop it! DROP YOUR GUN!!!!" Rachel roared at the gunman who was now facing her, his gun aimed at her chest.

>The gunman hesitated as he heard Frank burst in the rear door, realising he had no way out. The gunman turned around and grabbed a young man in his twenties wearing a grey suit, pressing a gun to his temple. The gunman turned to Frank, and glared at him. At that moment Rachel leapt forward, silently as a cat, pushed his hostage to the floor, and kicked the gunman's hand which was a metre off the ground. The gun flew onto the white linoleum as Rachel tackled the suspect, slamming him onto the floor with force. Frank ran forwards and handcuffed him, as Rachel again picked herself up, rubbing her poor knee which had just had another encounter with the ground. <br>

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>Rachel stood leaning against a uniform police car, sipping a free Coke from the manager of McDonalds, when the young man approached her. "Thanks." The young man said to Rachel, looking a bit shaken. <br>"Anytime." Rachel grinned at him.

>"Look, I'm Francis Cassidy, a journalist with the BBC, and I was wondering if... well...." He began.<br>"Yeeeeesssssss....." Rachel prompted him.

>"Well, I was wondering if I could possibly do an article on you and your partner? I mean, it'd be an inside look on your professional lives, what you have to do, what you're faced with, and I wouldn't get in your way...." He added quickly when he saw Rachel's face turn from interested to totally uninterested.<br>"Look, you'll have to ask the boss. Inspector Jeffrey Hawker at the Sydney Water Police Headquarters.

> I'm not sure how keen he'd be on the idea, but if you really want to do this, call him and see what he thinks, okay?" Rachel said to the young journalist, noting his admirable enthusiasm in his job.<br>"Okay, I'll think about that. Thanks." Francis said, shaking Rachel's free hand, and walked off with the waiting "uniform" to make a statement.

>Frank walked over to Rachel, who was now deep in thought leaning on the car. "Rach? Earth to Rachel Goldstein? Oi! Rachel..." Frank chuckled as Rachel snapped out of her daydream and glared at him.<br>"What?" She snapped.

>"We can go now. Keys?" Frank asked, holding out his hands, hoping that Rachel was so out of it she'd let him drive.<br>"Yeah.... Eh? Get stuffed Holloway! I'm driving!" Rachel snatched the keys back out of Frank's reach.

>Frank grimaced. He'd been that close! The pair walked back to the car, Rachel still deep in thought about the journalist's proposal.<br>

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>Rachel turned over in bed, grimacing as she opened one eye to find sunshine, the drinkers' enemy. Last night she'd obviously had way too much to drink at Cutter's. She uttered a strangled squawk as her alarm clock began to ring uncontrollably, and threw it across her bedroom where it hit her wall with a loud thud. Tuesday. Great. Tuesdays were always fun. Not. Rachel pulled herself out of bed and stumbled over to the door. She wandered out to the kitchen and put the kettle on, then banged her knee on the bench - the one she'd hurt yesterday. "Ow! Shit! Shit, shit, shit, shit, SHIT!!!" Rachel yelled, grabbing her knee and hopping back to her bedroom. <br>She hastily drew back the curtains, and peeled the plaster off gently to see why the heck it was hurting so much. She saw why immediately. Her whole knee had turned an ugly olive green-ish navy-ish purple. "Bloody hell." Rachel muttered, hopping into the bathroom and pulling a packet of plasters out of a draw. She groaned as she found that there were none left. Oh well, it wasn't bleeding, it just looked really bad, besides, the plasters were way too small to cover this thing. She went back into her bedroom to get changed, not bothering about going back into the kitchen to make a coffee, it was already 8.15pm and she was running late. "Trouser suit.... What the hell?" Rachel pulled out her last remaining trouser suit to find it had ice cream on it.

>Frank. He'd bought an icecream on Friday. Then they became involved in a high-speed chase, and while going around a corner, Frank's ice cream had come loose from the cone, then fell onto Rachel's jacket. Great. So Rachel grumpily yanked out her favourite light blue skirt suit, got changed, and rushed off to work.<br>

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>Rachel walked into reception with half the station staring at her multi-coloured knee. "What?" She snapped at them, and quickly the station was back to it's busy little self. <br>Helen stared at Rachel's knee for a second, then dragged her upstairs to the ladies'. "Helen? What are you doing? It's fine." Rachel protested, wincing and uttering a yelp as she bumped the bruise against the doorframe to the bathroom.

>"Why on earth didn't you put a plaster on it? Or at least wear a trouser suit?!" Helen complained loudly, ferreting around in the vanity unit, then producing a large bandage.<br>"Helen! Oh, come on, it's fine!" Rachel muttered, as Helen bent down to put it on Rachel's knee, like a mother fixing up her child.

>"It'll get infected if you don't keep it covered." Helen grumped, gently putting a cotton wool pad onto the bruise, then beginning to

wrap the plaster around Rachel's slightly swollen left knee.  
<br>Rachel moaned, and stood there feeling totally useless, being fussed over by Helen.  
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><br>"Good morning! Am I late?" Frank waltzed into the office with a large cheesy grin on his face. Rachel looked up, acknowledged his comment with a glare, which meant, "Yes, where the hell were you?" then went back to reading the Sydney Times. "So, what happened to ya knee?" Frank asked Rachel, pointing to her leg which was resting on a chair with a coldpack resting on her bandaged knee.  
>"It's just bruised. Helen should be a bloody nurse." Rachel grumbled, poking at the cold pack with a long, tapered index finger.  
<br>"Oh. Helen's influence eh?" Frank grinned, remembering the time when he'd cut his hand on some glass and Helen had fussed over it like it could have been fatal.  
>"Yep." Rachel sighed, going back to finish reading the paper.<br>Frank laughed and popped back downstairs to see if Helen had any jobs for them to do.  
>"Anything?" Frank asked as he jumped off the bottom step.<br>"Well, actually, yes. Jeff wants to see you and Rachel. And Frank?" Helen looked at Frank's tie-less shirt.  
>"Yeah, yeah." Frank muttered pulling his tie out of his pocket and putting it on.<br>"Good." Helen smiled sweetly at Frank as he trotted back up the stairs to go and collect his partner, then went back to her filing.  
>"Goldie? Jeff wants to see us." Frank poked his head around the doorframe to their office.<br>"Okay, be there in a sec." Rachel mumbled, gently removing the coldpack off her knee, and slowly standing up, gingerly testing her foot on the ground to see if it hurt.  
>Rachel smiled, relieved, and followed Frank into Jeff's office.<br>Rachel and Frank looked a little shocked when they walked in to see Francis sitting in a chair in front of Jeff's desk.  
>"Ah, Frank, Rachel. You two know Francis Cassidy?" Jeff asked the pair as they stood near the door, staring at him asking for some kind of explanation. <br>Rachel looked at Frank. Frank looked at Rachel. Rachel looked at Jeff. Jeff looked at Rachel. Jeff looked at Frank. Frank looked at Jeff.  
>"Yes..." Rachel said slowly.<br>"Good. Then you know he's a journalist then? He's going to be doing an article for television about your work." Jeff explained, giving the pair a look that said this was not negotiable.  
>"Uh huh." Frank said, then looked at Francis. <br>"Well, I expect you two to be helpful, co-operative, and polite while he's here. Is that clear?" Jeff asked, giving an annoyed-looking Rachel a warning look.  
>"Yeah." The detectives muttered in unison.<br>"What was that?" Jeff asked, wanting a 'yes' out of the both of them.  
>"Yes, sir." They both muttered again in unison.<br>"Good. Mr. Cassidy, if you have any problems with these two, come and see me.  
  
>"Will do, sir. Thank you." Francis grinned a sweet-as-sugar grin at the Inspector.<br>Rachel turned and walked out of the door quickly when Jeff nodded at them to show that they could go. Frank was close behind her, and Francis wasn't far behind him. The three walked into the detectives' office, and stood staring at each other awkwardly for a minute or two.  
>"Look, I know you two obviously aren't very happy with this arrangement. I just want you to know that I'm going to start filming tomorrow, alright? And I'll try not to get in your way." Francis

spoke up.<br>"Correction. You won't get in our way." Rachel said slowly, emphasising the 'won't.

>Frank just sat down, looked at the others with a goofy grin on his face, then went off to make some coffee.<br>

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>The rest of the day went past in a blur. It was all normal stuff. Filing, then checking out a property on the waterfront which had been broken into, then rescuing a boat that had blown its engine. Frank and Rachel managed to leave early after bribing Jeff with a chocolate bar.<br>The next day, Rachel drove to work with the radio on full blast to try to drown out her thoughts. She wasn't going to tell anyone, but she hated being on TV. She'd been on TV once before for a news item, and she had hated it. She'd have to cope though, orders were orders.

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><br>Helen was sitting at the desk in reception looking hassled as Rachel walked in, still limping slightly. "Are they here?" Rachel asked Helen quietly, only to find that she needn't have asked, a camera flew around the corner at the second she said a word and ended up shoved in her face.

>"Oh, Francis, come 'ere." Rachel muttered to Francis, back in the grey suit.<br> She latched onto his collar and led him around the corner, pushing the camera away as it tried to follow. "Look, if you're going to film this thing, I'm not having that damn camera shoved in my face every time I MOVE!" Rachel said bitterly, gritting her teeth.

>"Okay, okay! I get the hint. We'll take long shots of you and zoom in then." Francis said, looking scared and eager for a compromise.<br>"Whatever, but if that thing comes anywhere near me, I'm going to shove it down the soundman's throat." Rachel hissed, pushing the camera away again as it swooped in for another shot.

>Rachel let go of his collar, and stomped her way up the stairs, not caring if the camera was following her or not. <br>

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>Frank jumped as Rachel came into the office and slammed the door in the cameraman's face.<br>"Got mugged at reception did we?" Frank grinned, the same thing had happened to him earlier.

>"Yeah. Got any cases yet?" Rachel asked, plonking herself down into her chair, grinning as she noticed that Francis was talking to the cameraman about filming her.<br>"Yeah." Frank replied.

>"Yeah?"<br>"Yeah."

>"You reckon?"<br>"Yeah."

>"Well?" <br>"Um, well, a girl's been found half dead on Manly Beach. Helen wants us to investigate, they reckon there's foul play involved --she was found half-naked, poor thing!" Frank explained.

>"Great. We get all of the best jobs don't we?" Rachel sighed, grinning as she noticed the cameraman give up trying to get into the locked office, and stood outside the window holding the camera.<br>"I'm sick of them already, are you?" Rachel had just had a brilliant idea.

>"Yeah." Frank replied.<br>"Yeah?"

>"Yeah."<br>"Okay then." Rachel walked across to the window, and yanked on the cord which shut the venetian blinds, waving a sweet little goodbye to the cameraman as he went out of sight behind the white metal bars, turning on her heel, and plonking herself back down at her desk.

>Frank grinned, and picked up his coat. "Well?" Frank stood up.<br>"Well what?" Rachel inquired, frowning as she picked up a

stray piece of paper and put it gently into an impeccably organised draw.

>"Are we going? They're gonna get mad at us if we take too long." Frank grinned.<br>"Oh, yeah, yeah, right." Rachel muttered, standing up and unlocking the door.

>Immediately the cameraman was shoving the camera in their faces. "Francis. Come here." Rachel grumped, beckoning the young journalist with a boney index finger. <br>Frank and Francis, walked over to her. "Not you Holloway, Cassidy." Rachel hissed.

>"Oh, right, gotcha." Frank muttered.<br>Francis walked over to Rachel, looking like a puppy who'd just pooped where he shouldn't. "Francis. What did I tell you about this documentary? I told you that if you and the cameraman get in the way, there'd be trouble. So, we're going out to where a girl has been found, half-naked, and we want you to stay out of the way, and not film anything embarrassing for her, alright?" Rachel grabbed Francis by the collar, and bored into his eyes with her laser blue eyes that looked as if they were about to shoot out laser beams that would cut through concrete.

>"Yep, yeah, sure. Will do. Okay then. No worries." Francis muttered and scuttled off downstairs, dragging the cameraman with him to go and get the company car.<br>Rachel smirked at Frank who was standing staring at her flabbergasted. "You're mean." Frank laughed suddenly.

>"Mmmhmm. I know." Rachel grinned in return.<br>

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>Pulling up at the crime scene, Rachel looked in the rear view mirror to see if she'd lost the camera crew. No such luck, they were right behind them, already jumping out of the vehicle and pulling out expensive-looking equipment. "Great." Frank groaned, putting on his shirt the clip microphone Francis had given him, and looking over to the huddle of emergency crews where a blood-spattered figure was emerging on a stretcher.<br>"Oooh, poor thing." Rachel winced as she remembered the pain she'd been in when she'd been stabbed chasing a suspect in a faked passport inquiry. That was a year ago now, and she was almost totally recovered, having almost died.

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><br>Rachel shook herself out of it and walked over to the ambulance crew who were loading the girl into the ambulance. "She gonna be okay?" Rachel asked one of the crew.

>"Dunno yet, she's conscious though. That's a good sign." The young man said, looking slightly worried.<br>"Ta." Rachel nodded her head and went off to join Frank.

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><br>"Senior Detective Rachel Goldstein." Rachel flashed her badge at a tough-looking cop that was guarding the scene.

>The guy nodded, and Rachel ducked under the tape to find blood-soaked sand and a sickened partner.<br>"Jeez, what an animal. Looks like she was raped and thrown on here. No drag marks, so it looks like she was either carried or pulled out of a waiting vehicle. No tire marks though, so I think she was carried over here." Frank explained to Rachel who sighed and looked away from the blood-coated sand, noticing the camera crew standing on the road.

>"Hmm. Any ID?" Rachel muttered, writing down the details. <br>"Yeah, Petra Elizabeth Bayhurst, 19 Coles Road, Campbelltown. She's just turned 16 yesterday." Frank replied, reading the details in Petra's wallet.

>"Great birthday present. Any estimated time she got dumped here? And who was the informant?" Rachel remarked, grimacing at the thought of what the poor kid went through.<br>"Around about 4am and the

informant was the lady over there with the dog; she was taking an early morning walk at about 7.30a.m. she said." Frank replied, pulling his ringing mobile out of his trouser pocket.

>Rachel nodded. "Holloway." Frank answered.<br>"Yeah, Frank, it's Helen. Just wondering if you could go see the girl's parents, don't like doing it on the phone, it's better in person." Helen said, shuffling something around in the background.

>"Yeah, the girl's on her way to hospital now, we'll go tell her parents, then go to the hospital and see how she's doing, okay?"<br>"Which one's she been taken to?" Helen asked, swearing as she dropped a cup or something and smashing it on the floor with a loud bang.

>"RPA." Frank replied.<br>"Okay then. I'll tell Jeff." Helen hung up.

>"You lot finished with us?" Frank asked the group.<br>"Yeah." Came the mumbles in reply.

>"Great. Rachel, we're off to tell the parents." Frank prodded his partner in the ribs with his elbow.<br>"Eh? Since when were you in charge Holloway? I'm the one that's meant to be giving the orders. I tell you what to do, not the other way around." Rachel looked crossly at Frank.

>"Yeah, so why don't you make the orders then?" Frank picked a fight, regretting it as soon as Rachel glared at him.<br>"Fine. We're going to go to Campbelltown and we'll inform the kid's parents, okay?" Rachel hissed at Frank, feeling the PMS kick in.

>"Yeah, sounds good to me." Frank grinned sweetly and innocently at Rachel as she turned to storm off to the car. <br>

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>"Cassidy! Get yer butt over here!" Rachel snapped at Francis.<br>Francis looked absolutely terrified, wondering what he'd done, or what he was about to do wrong.

>"Right, Frank and I are going to inform the victim's family, and we don't want you there to film them and make them feel worse than they will without you there. Okay? This is private, not for the whole world to know about." Rachel said slowly and clearly, making sure that every word got absorbed into his selective brain.<br>"But Rach... uh, Detective Goldstein, I really need this to do the story." Francis said slowly, making sure it sunk into her stubborn brain.

>"Yeah, well, you'll get another opportunity later on, maybe with a murder where someone's been decapitated." Rachel said sarcastically, feeling totally pissed off at this pushy, yet wimpy, little squirt of a journalist. <br>"Okay then." Francis said, backing away slightly as he saw the bad-tempered, sarcastic, disagreeable detective's eyes turn to laser beams.

>Rachel opened the driver's door and got in, honking at Frank, who was chatting up a female uniform officer at the crime scene. Frank sprinted up to the car and jumped into the passenger's seat. "Okay, we can go now." Frank grinned at Rachel, ignoring the look of disgust she gave him.<br>Rachel slammed her foot on the accelerator, and the car shot out onto the road like a horse that had just been stung in the butt by a bumblebee. "Jeez, you're cranky today! What's up?" Frank asked, holding onto the sides of his seat for dear life.

>"Shut up Frank. Nothing's up." Rachel growled, hoping there was chocolate in the glove box. <br>"Chocolate?" Frank asked, pulling one of Rachel's secret stash of chocolate bars out of the glove box, reading her mind.

>"Thanks." Rachel had to grin, Frank knew her too well.<br>



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>"Mrs Bayhurst? I'm Senior Detective Rachel Goldstein, and this is my partner, Detective Frank Holloway. Can we come in? It's about your daughter, Petra." Rachel said quietly as the panicked-looking woman stood at the door, obviously thinking the worst.<br>"Yeah.... Yeah, sure, uh, come on in...." Mrs Bayhurst stuttered, looking more afraid by the minute.

>"What's happened? Where is she? Is she okay?" Mrs Bayhurst said quickly, ushering the detectives into the lounge and motioning for them to sit on her lovely, light blue lounge suite.<br>"She's going to be fine, but she's in hospital. She was stabbed sometime this morning in her abdomen; the estimated time of the attack was around 5am. We also have evidence that suggests strongly that she was raped." Frank began, as Rachel stood up and comforted the now-crying mother.

>"Where... (sniff)...where is she?" Mrs Bayhurst wept quietly.<br>"She's in theatre at the Royal Prince Albert Hospital." Frank replied.

>"We'll drive you there now if you like, we're just about to head off there and see if she's awake yet." Rachel offered.<br>"That's very kind of you, that would be great." Mrs Bayhurst said gratefully, pausing to blow her nose.

>Rachel and Frank stood talking as Mrs Bayhurst locked up the house. "You reckon she'll be able to cope with this? Petra had pretty massive injuries..." Frank asked Rachel as quietly as was humanly possible, watching Mrs Bayhurst's reflection in the hall mirror locking up the back door. <br>"Yeah, she'll be worse if she doesn't see for herself that she's going to survive." Rachel mumbled back, jumping slightly as her mobile phone abruptly interrupted the silence.

>"Goldstein." Rachel answered.<br>"Yeah, Rachel, it's Helen. Look, Petra Bayhurst has just woken up, you should get over and see her soon." Helen spoke, sounding a bit agitated with Jeff yelling at Woodsie in the background.

>"Yeah, thanks Helen, just about to head over there with her mother." Rachel replied, smiling reassuringly at Mrs Bayhurst. <br>"Okay. Bye."

>"Bye."<br>Rachel hung up the mobile phone and put it back in her pocket. "We ready?" Rachel asked, then led the way out to the car after getting a nod in reply.

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><br>Rachel pulled the car into a car park at the hospital, and got out to help Mrs Bayhurst out of the car. Frank took the bag of clothes Mrs Bayhurst had brought for her daughter, and Rachel put her arm around Mrs Bayhurst's shoulders and led her up to the Intensive Care Unit. "Hi, Detectives Goldstein and Holloway. Can we see Petra Bayhurst now?" Rachel asked an on-duty nurse.

>"Yes, but you'd better keep it quiet and quick, she's not out of the woods yet." The young nurse replied, leading them to a small, sunny room where the tiny, pale figure of a teenage girl was barely conscious.<br>"Petra? Petra, darling, are you okay?" Mrs Bayhurst rushed over to the side of her daughter's bed, taking her hand gently.

>"Muuuummmmm..." Petra slurred, obviously packed with drugs.<br>"Yes, darling, it's me, you're gonna be okay, I promise." Mrs Bayhurst started crying with relief.

>"Let's leave them for a while, eh Frank?" Rachel asked Frank quietly.<br>"Yeah, yeah, good idea." Frank replied, looking touched at the show of affection and love between mother and daughter.

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><br>"Ick! Where's the sugar?" Rachel spluttered as she took a sip of her unsweetened black coffee.

>Frank handed her the bowl of sugar sitting on a neighbouring empty table. "Ta." Rachel muttered, taking a large teaspoon of sugar and dumping it delicately into her coffee.<br>Frank took a big bite of his custard square, grinning with delight, noticing how delicious the food there was compared to most hospitals. Rachel burped quietly, and turned slightly pink as a waitress clearing a neighbouring table looked at her momentarily, then went back to cleaning the table top with disinfectant. Frank grinned and took another bite of his custard square, then looked at his watch.

>"We'd better hurry up. It's 11am." Frank commented.<br>"Yeah, 'spose so." Rachel agreed, swallowing her last gulp of coffee, then gazing into the empty cup looking rather pre-occupied.

>"You okay?" Frank asked, licking the last of the custard off his fingers.<br>"Yeah... yeah, shall we go up and see what we can get out of her?" Rachel asked sharply, snapping out of her daze.

>"Yeah." Frank stood up and picked up his jacket off the back of his chair, and the pair of detectives headed up to ICU to see Petra Bayhurst.<br>

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>"Do you remember anything? Petra? Petra, listen to me, if we're gonna catch the guy who did this to you, we need to know what happened to you! Petra? Jeez, Frank, maybe we should just go, she's not going to tell us anything anytime soon." Rachel threw her hands up in the air, frustrated at the kid who refused to tell them anything.<br>Petra lay there, too drugged to be bothered saying anything. Mrs Bayhurst had taken a Taxi home half an hour before, and the pair of detectives had been struggling uselessly to get anything of use out of the stubborn teenager. Rachel stormed out of the room, feeling totally pissed off that this girl could help herself and others, yet she was going to put someone else at risk by not giving any evidence. She obviously knew who her assailant was, but she wasn't going to tell for now at least. Frank wandered out after her. "Rach, don't get yourself all worked up over this, okay? Look, I know this is kinda close to home, but we've got to deal with it, alright?" Frank hugged Rachel.

>Rachel pushed Frank away. "Correction, I have to deal with it, not we."<br>"Rach, what's wrong? There's something you're not telling me." Frank was getting annoyed at his partner's stubbornness.

>"Nothing. Just leave me alone." Rachel stormed down the corridor, her high heels hitting the floor so hard Frank could have sworn he saw it crack, leaving him to try and get the girl to give him something to go on.<br>

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>Rachel climbed into the car and tried to gather her nerves. She wasn't ready to go back and face the camera crew and Helen demanding to know what was wrong. She wasn't going to wait for Frank either. "Shit." Rachel sighed, forcing back the tears she felt coming.<br>Rachel started the car and sped out of the car park, heading towards Manly Beach.

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><br>Frank was worried. "Helen, you sure she hasn't come back yet?" He asked Helen one more time.

>"Frank, I thought she was with you. The car's not back either." Helen was now getting worried.<br>"Damn. Helen, I have to find her, she left the hospital three hours ago. Can I take a uniform car? Oh, come on Helen, please?" Frank asked Helen who didn't look too keen on the idea to say the least.

>"Oh, Frank! You're gonna get me in big trouble." Helen reluctantly handed him the keys, giving him a meaningful look which translated to "if you don't find her, I'm never doing you a favour again".<br>"Thanks Helen!" Frank sprinted out of the reception area, and went to find the car.

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> <br>Rachel sat on the warm sand feeling miserable. She didn't need a case like this... not with the anniversary two days away. She gazed out at the Pacific Ocean, wondering how long it would take to swim to New Zealand. "Jeez, I must be screwed up!" she said suddenly, thinking what a stupid question that was.

>"Rachel? Rach! Thank god. I was scared shitless!" Frank's voice came from behind her.<br>"Piss off Frank." Rachel felt the tears coming again and bit her lip hard.

>"Rach? Oh, Rach, what is it?" Frank asked as he saw a tear slide over her cheekbone.<br>"Nothing. Piss off!" Rachel yelled, mentally kicking herself for letting Frank see her cry.

>"Rachel Goldstein! Get your ass back here!" Frank yelled as Rachel began to scurry off down the beach. <br>Rachel stopped and plonked herself down on the sand again and started bawling her eyes out.

"Rach? Oh, Rach!" Frank kneeled down and hugged his distraught partner.

>"I'm sorry. I'm sorry." Rachel sobbed, sniffing loudly.<br>"What? Why? You didn't do anything!" Frank murmured, stroking her hair gently.

>"I've been a total bitch, and you don't even know why!" Rachel blubbed.<br>Frank sat down, wondering what the hell had brought this on. Out of everyone he knew, he'd have expected to find Inspector Jeff Hawker bawling his eyes out before Rachel Goldstein! This was the woman that was well known for being cool as a cucumber, calm as a tropical lagoon, sarcastic as anyone could ever be, and definitely not the type to bawl her eyes out.... Was she?

>"Tell me what's wrong." Frank hugged Rachel tightly, knowing that something really big would be the only thing to make Rachel let Frank hug her.<br>"When I was.... Sniff! Eighteen, I was.... Sniff! Raped up by my boyfriend. The anniversary... sniff! Is in two days." Rachel broke down into a miserable heap of sobs, sighs and sniffles.

>"Oh, Rach, why didn't you tell me this before?" Frank was totally shocked by what his partner had just told him.<br>"For God's sake Holloway! I don't tell you every little thing in my life!" Rachel snapped.

>Frank smiled. "Sorry." Rachel sniffed.<br>"No prob." Frank grinned.

>The pair sat on the beach for a while, letting Rachel calm down. "You ready to go?" Frank asked Rachel.<br>"Yeah. Yeah, I am." Rachel said quietly.

>"Breathe a word to this to ANYONE and you're a totally dead and dismantled man Holloway." Rachel snapped suddenly, and glared a killer glare at Frank as he pulled her to her feet.<br>"Okay then." Frank wasn't going to anyway.

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> <br>Rachel walked into reception, trying to blend into the walls. It didn't work. "Rachel? Oh my God! What did you do to her Frank?" Helen practically jumped over the desk to get to Rachel when she saw her blotchy, tear-stained face and hugged her.

>"HE didn't do anything." Rachel muttered, feeling totally peeved at the amount of attention she was receiving. <br>Just when she thought her life couldn't get any worse, what with the whole station staring at her, the TV camera flew down the stairs and into her face. Rachel lunged at the cameraman, making an attempt to grab the damn camera,

but was stopped by Frank's arms around her waist, and Helen holding her tightly by the shoulders. "FRANCIS CASSIDY! YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!!!" Rachel bellowed, seeing the journalist peeking round the corner to see if the coast was clear, then ducking back quickly as the lasers began powering up again.

>Rachel stopped struggling and when her restraints cautiously let her go, she stamped up the stairs and burst into Jeff's office. "Rachel! What the hell do you think you're doing?" Jeff looked stunned, but quickly shut up as he saw the look on Rachel's face, one of pure fury.<br>"I want that camera crew OUT of here! They've been driving me nuts all day, and I can't get my work done! GET THEM OUT!!!" Rachel yelled, storming back out of her boss' office, slamming the door behind her.

>Frank looked at Helen. Helen looked at Frank. Francis looked as if a bomb had exploded in his pants. The cameraman looked terrified, and quickly took refuge in the meal room. "I'd better go up and see her." Frank muttered to Helen.<br>"Yeah, yeah, I think so. Frank, test the door first." Helen said to Frank who'd begun climbing the stairs.

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> <br>Frank tested the door as Helen had suggested, and when no heavy objects came flying out into the corridor, he carefully went in to find Rachel quietly and calmly sitting at her desk doing paperwork as if nothing had happened. Frank closed the door quietly, and went over to his desk, thinking that he could shelter under there if all hell broke loose. Rachel looked up at Frank, who was sitting at his desk looking worried. "Don't worry Frank, I won't kill ya." Rachel chuckled as she saw Frank jump two feet in the air when she broke the silence.

>Frank just gave her a look that said "somehow, I don't believe you" and pulled some paper out of his drawer.<br>

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>Frank jumped again when his mobile phone went about fifteen minutes later. Rachel looked up expectantly after Frank had hung up. "Uh, Petra wants to talk to you. I can go if you want..." Frank began.<br>"No, it's okay, I'll go with you." Rachel muttered.

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> <br>Rachel led the way into Petra Bayhurst's hospital room, noticing a bunch of flowers next to the bed. Petra looked at her and smiled. Rachel smiled back. "So, you feeling better?" Rachel asked Petra, trying to break the ice.

>"Yeah, I am thanks." Petra sighed hesitantly.<br>"Nice flowers." Frank said, not knowing what to say.

>"Thanks." Petra muttered, lowering her eyes and looking out of the window.<br>"So, you going to tell us who did it?" Rachel asked suddenly.

>Petra looked shocked for a minute, then turned her head to face them, looking Rachel in the eye.<br>"Marcus Jackson. He wanted to marry me, but I said no. I'm only sixteen!" Petra blurted out.

>"Marcus Jackson? Why didn't you tell us this before Petra? He may have skipped the country by now!" Rachel remarked, secretly happy she'd spilled the beans, and planning what she was going to do to <br>Jackson when she caught him.

>"Because he said that if I told anyone he'd kill me and my Mum. He sent me the flowers, the note on them said it too!" Petra began sobbing.<br>"We would have given you police protection! You know that!" Frank chipped in.

>"Yeah? That really helped my mate, Jessica, didn't it? You pulled

her out of the harbour two weeks ago!" Petra was getting pissed off with these smart-assed cops.<br>Rachel looked at Frank, and Frank looked kind of bummed out. "Yeah, well if you remember, Jessica decided she didn't want protection and climbed out of the bathroom window at 3am." Rachel pointed out.

>Now it was Petra's turn to look bummed out. "Yeah, well I told you didn't I?" Petra grumped, beginning to regret she'd even told the smart-assed little cow of a cop.<br>"Yeah. Thanks for telling us eh? Anything else you want to tell us before we leave? Or are you going to leave that till next time?" Rachel asked sarcastically.

>"Nah." Petra mumbled, and turned to look out of the window.<br>

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>"Goldstein?" Rachel flipped open her mobile phone as it bleated for attention.<br>"Rachel? It's Helen. Did a check on Marcus Jackson. Only one in the whole of Sydney would you believe? Anyway, previous convictions include assault, domestic violence, attempted murder, harassment, trespassing, stalking and a string of other related crimes. He's 28, and he's spent five years of his life in the slammer so far." Helen said.

>"Great. Nice person!" Rachel glanced at Frank.<br>"Address?" Rachel prompted Helen.

>"Oh, yeah. Sorry. 38 Birchvale Grove, Kings Cross." Helen said slowly so that Rachel could note it down on the piece of paper the two detectives kept in the car, which, after a year of use, was jammed with names and addresses, and Rachel had resorted to using a gold pen which wrote over the top of dark coloured ink so she could actually read the addresses.<br>"Yeah, got that! Thanks Helen!" Rachel muttered and pressed "END" on her phone.

>"Where to?" Frank asked, watching Rachel's eyes grow the widest he'd ever seen them as he just missed an old lady on a scooter. <br>"Shit Frank! Watch where you're going! 38 Birchvale Grove, Kings Cross." Rachel clung to the seat like a possum on steroids.

>"Okay." Frank said, swerving violently into a street leading to Kings Cross, making the tires screech in complaint.<br>"Pull over." Rachel said firmly.

>"What? Why?" Frank asked.<br>"PULL OVER FRANCIS HOLLOWAY!!! You're the worst driver I've ever known." Rachel yelled at Frank as he knocked over a cone and almost hit a workman clipping a tree.

>Frank slammed on the brakes and pulled over, scaring the camera crew who were following the two detectives having gained Rachel's permission to tag along on the condition that they behaved themselves by making them do an emergency stop. Rachel's 'civilised talk' with Jeff had prompted the Inspector to talk to the camera crew, warning them of what Rachel could and would do if they interfered. Rachel got out of the car, and swapped sides with Frank, sat in the driver's seat with a contented sigh, and put the pedal to the metal after putting the bells and whistles on. Frank held onto his seat as Rachel steered the car around a corner at high speed, then fought her way through a red light, missing cars by mere centimetres. <br>

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>As they approached the address, Rachel pulled the siren off the roof and took it quietly to the gate of the house to avoid the suspect knowing they were coming. Having made sure the car was off, Frank gingerly climbed out, walking back to the camera crew who had parked in a driveway behind some bushes to witness the action through the leaves. "You guys keep your heads in, okay? We're off to arrest the suspect." Frank told the crew quietly, then walked back to Rachel who

was leaning on the car, hand on gun, staring at the house. The house was huge, maybe 3,500 square feet. It was a modern house with big windows, pink-painted plaster exterior, grey tile roof, and the entrance was very inviting, with etched windows next to the two varnished wood doors.<br>"Nice house. Must be a dealer." Rachel muttered, leading the way up the cobblestone path.

>"Yeah, say, isn't that a cannabis plant?" Frank whispered, pointing to a plant in the garden next to the path.<br>"Yeah Frank! You can get high on a geranium!" Rachel smirked, stepping onto the porch and ringing the doorbell.

>"Hmph." Was Frank's reply.<br>Footsteps approached the door, and Rachel discreetly pulled out the handcuffs from her back pocket.

>A guy opened the door, dressed in a white singlet and blue satin boxers, stubble all over his face, looking like he'd had way too much top drink the night before as he winced at the sunlight that was boring into his face. "Yeah?" The guy mumbled, looking happier when he saw the gorgeous dark-haired woman standing in front of him.<br>"Detectives Goldstein and Holloway from the Sydney Water Police. You Marcus Jackson?" Rachel piped up, flashing her badge at him and feeling like booting the guy in the backside as he perved at her chest.

>"Naa, he left ten minutes ago." The guy muttered.<br>"Where'd he go?" Rachel asked quickly.

>"Work." The guy replied, now staring at her legs.<br>"Where's work?" Frank spoke up, noticing Rachel's eyes turn to lasers again.

>"Sydney Opera House." The guy was now looking at Frank, sussing out whether these two were in a relationship, and wondering if he had a chance with the detective.<br>"What does he do?" Frank asked, giving the slob in front of him a look that said "if you touch, you'll have me to answer to".

>"Window cleaner." The slob yawned.<br>"Uh huh, a window cleaner eh? And how did he end up in this house eh?" Rachel smirked, daring the guy to give her a reasonable answer.

>"Uh, his Dad left it to him." The guy scratched his balls impatiently.<br>"And you would be?" Rachel asked, keen to get out of there.

>"His flatmate." Slob gazed at the detective, tossing up whether to ask her out or not.<br>"You're name?" Rachel glared at him.

>"Peter Hobson." The slob yawned and scratched his nuts again.<br>"Thanks Mr Hobson." Rachel turned and trotted down the path, Frank following like an obedient puppy.

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><br>Rachel was driving again. Frank sat in the passenger's seat looking dejected. "When can I drive again?" Frank asked Rachel as she impatiently pulled around a car that was ignoring her honking the horn and the wailing siren.

>"Never." Rachel slammed her foot on the accelerator and shot past a courier, whacking his toned butt with a wing mirror.<br>The courier jumped, stared at the car, then sprinted up the steps into the building. Rachel grinned cheekily. She loved doing that. Frank slumped down into his seat even further, sulking for all that it was worth.

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> <br>Rachel pulled the car into a car park innocently. One advantage of wearing mufti, and having a mufti car, was the fact that offenders didn't run until they knew the detectives were in fact cops. "You getting out? Or do I have to drag you up the steps?" Rachel stared at Frank with a straight face, but feeling like cracking up with laughter because he looked just like her son, David had when he was

two years old, plus a few wrinkles and grey hairs of course.

>"Yeah, I 'spose." Frank sulked. <br>"Good, because if you don't hurry up, I'll give you a good spanking when we get back to the station." Rachel put on her false motherly tone.

>"Oooh, I'd like that!" Frank smirked, then wincing as he received a dead arm from Rachel.<br>"Whatcha do that for, Mummy?" Frank sulked with a twinkle in his eye.

>"Shut up Frank." Rachel pushed the glass door open and went into the Opera House, with Frank following at her heels and grinning ear to ear.<br>"Hi, do you have a guy working here today cleaning windows called Marcus Jackson?" Frank asked the young, attractive blonde woman behind the reception desk.

>"Uh, let me just check." The woman typed something into a computer, and grinned at them.<br>"Yes, he's working on the outside at the moment, shall I take a message for you?" the woman asked sweetly.

>"Uh, we were actually hoping to see him." Rachel put in.<br>"Oh, okay then, he's out working on this bit.... Here." The young woman pointed to a wall of the opera house on a map on the counter.

>"Thanks. She's my mummy." Frank said, pointing at Rachel who in turn smacked him in the back of the head, and grinning at the receptionist.<br>"You're welcome, and that's nice..." The young woman said, wondering what the guy was on, and went back to work.

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><br>Having gone to the wall the young woman had pointed out, the pair had discovered that he wasn't there, so had had to go around the whole building searching for Jackson. Frank grabbed Rachel's jacket and pointed at a guy cleaning a window on the inside of the wall the woman had pointed out. "Great. Don't mess up my jacket Holloway! How many times do I have to say it?" Rachel snapped bad-temperedly at Frank.

>The pair headed back inside, getting to the window after flashing their badges at half a dozen people. "Jeez, they're not half strict on security are they?" Rachel complained, spotting Jackson on a ladder polishing a high window.<br>"Marcus Jackson?" Frank asked the guy who was hanging precariously over the top of the ladder to reach the very top of the window.

>"Yeah, who wants to know?" Jackson glared down at them.<br>"Detectives Holloway and Goldstein, that's who." Frank said chirpily, noting the fact that the guy couldn't get away if he tried, unless he wanted a broken neck.

>With that, Jackson leapt up and grabbed hold of a light suspended from the ceiling, then swung across to another, then another like an ape, finally reaching a balcony. The two detectives, amazed at what they'd just witnessed, ran across to a stairwell back where they'd just came from, knowing that it was probably their only chance of catching the guy. The pair sprinted up a flight of stairs, then finding themselves on a balcony, sprinted along it trying to find Jackson. "Frank!" Rachel hissed, pointing towards a crevice in the wall with her gun.<br>Frank crept up till he was beside her, then they jumped in front of the crevice, guns drawn, to find a pot plant sitting innocently on a table. "Shit!" Rachel muttered, then whipped around at the sound of running footsteps.

>Jackson had sprung out of a door and was hurtling towards the stairs. Rachel took up the chase, and, being a faster sprinter than Frank, ended up chasing the guy down the stairs, only hearing Frank's footsteps way behind her. Rachel knew that the pair should always keep within eyesight of each other, so she took a chance, throwing

herself down the remaining five stairs, and landing on top of the suspect with such force that he buckled and went down hard, hitting the floor with a loud thud. "Marcus Jackson, you are under arrest for rape, assault, attempted murder, evading arrest and...ow! Assaulting a Police Officer! Anything you say or do may be used as evidence against you in a court of law." Rachel cuffed the guy's flailing hands and rubbed her backside where the guy had kicked her with a stray foot.<br>Frank took the last few stairs slowly, seeing that Rachel had it all under control, then helped Rachel pull the guy to his feet and drag him out to the car.

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> <br>"Watch your head." Rachel said flatly, thumping the guy's head against the frame of the door 'accidentally'.

>"Ow!" Jackson squawked.<br>Frank grinned, and got in the driver's seat. "Holloway, out." Rachel glared at Frank through the driver's window.

>Frank surrendered and went to the passenger's side. The pair headed back to the station.<br>

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>Helen looked up as the detectives walked in, Rachel roughly shoving the guy through the doors, making him hit his shoulder against the doorframe. The guy looked as though he was about to protest, but Rachel glared at him with her laser-like eyes which quickly changed his mind. "This him?" Helen asked.<br>"Yep." Rachel grunted.

>"He's a bit of an acrobat, eh Goldie?" Frank grinned mischievously at Helen.<br>"Yeah, likes the lights in the Sydney Opera House, Helen!" Rachel smirked evilly, as the guy hit his leg on a chair leg.

>"Uh huh..." Helen looked totally bewildered.<br>"Tell ya later." Frank laughed, helping Rachel pull the guy upstairs to interrogate him.

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><br>"You raped her, stabbed her, threw her on Manly Beach, then went off to get some Fish and Chips didn't you?" Rachel yelled angrily at Jackson.

>"Yeah! Fine! I did it! That what you need to know? Thought the dumb bitch was dead. I raped her, drove to Manly Beach, carried her across the sand, dumped her, told her that if she lived and told anyone I'd come back and kill her and her mother." Jackson yelled, agitated.

<br>"Ooh, you're a nasty piece of work aren't ya?" Rachel stormed out of the interview room, satisfied that she'd gotten a confession out of him.

>Frank instructed the uniforms at the door to take the suspect to a cell, then went to check on Rachel. He walked into their shared office to find her standing at the window. "You okay?" he asked cautiously, noticing the stapler she was holding, not wishing for an additional piece of anatomy for Christmas which was four weeks away.<br>"Yeah, yeah." Rachel sighed, turning to look at him.

>"You sure?" Frank asked, walking over and putting his arm around her shoulders.<br>"Yeah. Get your arm off me before I snap it off at the shoulder." Rachel tensed up her shoulders.

>Frank took his arm away, well aware that his partner didn't make threats, she made promises.<br>"It's five p.m. Time to head off I think." Rachel muttered.

>"First early night in ages, eh? Say, you want to go to Cutter's and have a drink?" Frank asked.<br>"Yeah." Rachel replied, realising how much she could do with one.

>"Yeah?"<br>"Yeah."

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> <br>"So, you gonna be okay?" Frank asked as the pair stood at the



door, ready to leave.

>"Yeah. Yeah, I think so." Rachel muttered.<br>"You sure? I could come and sleep on the couch if ya want?" Frank offered.

>"Nah, it's okay thanks. I might take you up on that offer on Friday." Rachel grinned gratefully at Frank.<br>"Okay. If you want to talk about anything, call me. Okay?" Frank gave Rachel a pat on the shoulder, then walked to his car.

>"Yeah, thanks Frank." Rachel climbed in her car, and started heading home.<br>

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>The whole station turned out to see the BBC programme on their two detectives a few weeks later, in January. They all laughed as Rachel spilt hot coffee down Frank's shirt in the car, as Rachel tackled Francis Cassidy as a demonstration of how they catch crims, as Frank eyed a woman in the bikini and got hit by Rachel's trusty old wing mirror, and as Frank fell in the water at Manly Beach and as Tommy and Gavin joined forces to throw Helen in the drink at the end of the jetty after the Christmas Party. Jeff winced as he saw a shot of him with his hand caught in the fish tank when he'd got it stuck feeding his fish. Then they got to the serious stuff where the detectives were out clue hunting and attending crime scenes in various places around Sydney. Francis Cassidy had included a clip of Rachel yelling at him and nearly lifting him off the floor by the collar, which Jeff didn't look so happy about, but by the end, Rachel and Frank copped a lot of flack from their workmates, but didn't get in trouble from the boss. The pair didn't know it, but the camera crew had followed them to the Sydney Opera House and had caught all of the action with Jackson swinging from the lights on tape. After work the station all disappeared down to Cutters Bar to have a drink and discuss the documentary. "Being on tape wasn't too bad after all." Rachel told Frank as he drove her home.<br>"Yeah?"

>"Yeah."<br>Frank stopped the car outside Rachel's townhouse. "Am I really a bad driver?" Frank asked suddenly.

>"Night Frank." Rachel got out of the car.<br>"Rach? Yes or no?"

>"Night Frank." Rachel unlocked the door to her house.<br>"Rach?" Frank yelled again.

>"Night Frank." Rachel shut the door.<br>Frank shrugged, figured he could always interrogate her the next day, and drove home.

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>So, what did you think? Any comments? Write to me!

sydneygirl2b@hotmail.com okay? <br>

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